

THE WATCHER

The Poetry Written by

MRS SARAH J. HALE

The Music Composed and most respectfully Dedicated to

The Authoress

BY

DR WILLIAM LARDNER. C. G. P. E. E.

Philadelphia, J. C. SMITH, No 213 Chesnut St^e

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Voice.

Piano Forte

The musical score is written for Voice and Piano Forte. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score consists of two systems. The first system shows the vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note, then a quarter note, and finally a half note. The piano accompaniment consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand. The second system shows the vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note, then a quarter note, and finally a half note. The piano accompaniment consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score from the previous system. It shows the vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note, then a quarter note, and finally a half note. The piano accompaniment consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

The night was dark and fear—ful, The blast swept wailing by, A Watcher pale and tear—ful, Lookd

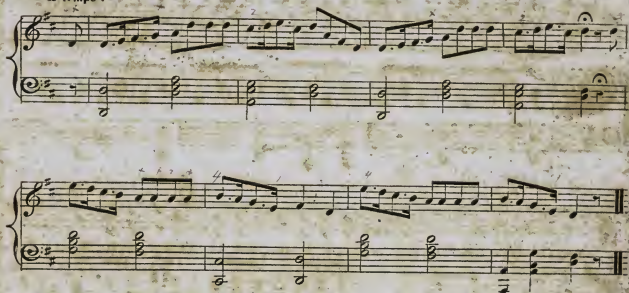
forth with anxious eye, How wistful—ly she gaz—eth, no gleam of morn is there, Her

eyes to heav'n she rais—eth in a go—ny of pray'r; How wistfully she gaz—eth, no

gleam of morn is there, Her eyes to heav'n she rais—eth, In a go—ny of pray'r.

Ad libitum.

A tempo.



Within that dwelling lonely,
 Where want and darkness reign
 Her precious child her only
 Lay moaning in his pain,
 And death alone can free him,
 She feels that this must be,
 But oh for morn to see him
 Smile once again on me.

A hundred lights are glancing
 In yonder mansion fair,
 And merry feet are dancing
 They heed not morning there.
 O young and joyous creatures,
 One lamp from out your store
 Would give that poor boy's features
 To his mother's gaze one more.

The morning sun is shining
 She heedeth not its ray:
 Beside her dead reclining
 The pale dead mother lay.
 A smile her lips were wreathing,
 A smile of hope and love,
 As tho she still were breathing—
 There's light for us above.

